[fic] Presenting

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Title: Presenting.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: NC-17.
Warnings: Spanking, crossdressing, smut. A touch of humiliation, but not too much.
Pairings/Characters: Lucifer/Balthazar.
Word Count: 1,634 words.
Summary: In an AU where Balthazar and Lucifer are crossdressers working in a Cabaret, Lucifer does naughty things to Balthazar because he tripped on stage twice.
Note: Written for the Kink Bingo. Here's my card. The prompt I used was humiliation (public), even if that's only part of it. >.> I made do with it, as I'm easily embarrassable.

This was written for **~~theinsaneeraser~~** as bribefic, too, so many thanks to her for poking me to finish it. :D

Balthazar checked his hair in the mirror again, tugging gently on a curl to make sure it was secure - it was. He grinned at his reflection and blew a kiss at it.

"Hey, gorgeous," He whispered to the mirror, and then someone poked him hard in the back of the head. "Ow!"

"Stop admiring yourself and get going," Lucifer - of course it was Lucifer - said. "We're nearly up."

"I'm *never* late, Luce." Balthazar got up, checking his makeup once more - red lips, power on his cheeks - before turning and following Lucifer to the stage entrance. "How's the crowd?" He whispered.

"Pretty good," Lucifer whispered back. "Nervous?"

"Never, Luce, never."

Then the music quieted and Gabriel's voice rose over the crowd: "Ladies and gentlemen, presenting - the Cabaret girls!"

Showtime.

It had been nothing serious. Didn't damage anything, nothing he couldn't get up and laugh off, but that wasn't the point. What was the point was that even if the crowd didn't realize it hadn't been intentional, the rest of the performers had, and so Balthazar was an upset mess the second he got offstage.

Lucifer watched him storm to his little table and tear the wig off and winced - that had to hurt.

Clearly he had to do something. It would do no good for the rest of the show if Balthazar performed in a frump, and, as something self-indulgent, Lucifer liked it when Balthazar was happy.

He trailed fingers across Balthazar's neck and nipped at his ear.

"Leave me alone." Ah, it was a stubborn sulk, then. Lucifer smirked.

"I'm not letting you get away with it so easily," Lucifer whispered into Balthazar's ear, just enough threat in his voice to keep Balthazar attentive. "Fall again and it'll be twenty instead of ten. Keep up this attitude and I'll invite Gabriel to watch and make sure his girls are being kept in line."

Balthazar made a soft noise, and Lucifer straightened, pleased. Balthazar got the message.

The problem was: this time it wasn't his fault, just plain bad luck. Balthazar stepped just wrong and went down, and there was nothing he could do to pass it off as part of the act.

Lucifer had almost been expecting this. He caught Gabriel's eye and nodded just enough to show he'd handle it, then smoothly bent down and picked Balthazar up, glad that the act in progress was a comedic one, where the audience would be in the spirit to appreciate how he bent Balthazar over his knee and gave him a spank. Just one, to make them laugh, and then he carried Balthazar off the stage.

No one was missing tonight, Gabriel knew what was going on - Lucifer was in the clear to carry Balthazar through the dressing room and to one of the bedrooms that were occasionally rented out to anyone who asked.

It meant that Balthazar was still in wig and makeup and dress and heels when Lucifer finally set him down, but all the makeup in the world couldn't hide Balthazar's blush.

"Gorgeous," Lucifer breathed.

"I hate you," Balthazar told him, but he didn't mean it. He never meant it.

"I did say it would be twenty, and you've more than earned it." Lucifer gave him a minute before he gestured. "Get in position, or I'll do it for you."

Balthazar watched as Lucifer had a seat on the bed, back to him, and debated kicking him. Debated ignoring him and rolling over and getting back into his sulk. But Lucifer never went back on his promises and he never lied -

Sighing, Balthazar got up and barely hesitated before he put himself over Lucifer's lap.

"Do it."

Lucifer didn't, though. Not immediately. He hitched up Balthazar's dress instead, and hooked fingers under the panties before dragging them down, exposing skin.

Balthazar shifted, tensing before forcing himself to loosen up. It was coming whether he was ready or not, and if he tensed - the hot flash of memory, the feeling of Lucifer's swat barely a minute ago, the roar of the crowd -

Lucifer let his hand down, hard.

"Count them for me." Lucifer said, and waited.

Balthazar closed his eyes and told himself that he could do this, he could stand embarrassment and this and he could do this. He could count, he wasn't that simple.

"One," Balthazar said, and forced himself not to tense up. When Lucifer brought his hand down again it was better, not by much, but better. "Two."

The next five made his skin flush and his hips jerk and Balthazar heard laughter. The shame of it, the humiliation of tripping and now being punished for it like he was a small child - Lucifer brought his hand down again, and Balthazar did not count but instead let out a helpless moan.

"Count, or we will begin again."

"Eight," Balthazar said hastily, and tried to ignore that he was hardening, and that it was arousing.

To be helpless. Punished.

Lucifer brought his hand down, and Balthazar cried out again, but not with pain.

"Nine!"

God, he was hard, and Lucifer could probably feel that, knees positioned like that, and Lucifer - brought his hand down again, didn't say anything. Except. Instead of raising his hand again, Lucifer spread Balthazar and pushed a finger into him with no preamble.

"Te-angnfd," Balthazar said, words trailing off into a babble as Lucifer thrust his finger deeper in.

"Count, Balthazar," Lucifer repeated, curling his fingers.

Balthazar's hips moved on their own, and he moaned out a ten, weakly. It was the best he could do with Lucifer rubbing his prostate with agile fingers, and he was lucky he could speak at all.

Lucifer removed his fingers abruptly, and then his hand came down in a solid smack to Balthazar's rear.

"Count."

Balthazar closed his eyes and pretended that he didn't moan just now, that he hadn't lifted his hips to follow Lucifer's fingers.

"Count, Balthazar. Final warning."

"Eleven!"

No, Balthazar was not going through this again. Even if his hips jerked with every spank and even if he was all but begging to be fucked by the time they made it to seventeen.

"Eighteen," Balthazar gasped out at the next blow, and "Nineteen," at the next, and then Lucifer laid down the last blow and he was done. "Twenty."

His skin burned, he wouldn't be able to sit down comfortably, he wouldn't be able to *think* when he sat down, not with the hot rush of shame and pleasure mingling in his mind as Lucifer traced light designs over the flushed skin.

"We're not quite done, Balthazar," Lucifer said from above him, and then Lucifer was standing, letting Balthazar slide to the floor in an untidy heap, wig finally coming loose and falling on the floor. As Balthazar scrambled to his knees, Lucifer lowered his skirt.

Balthazar's eyes were wide as he found himself in the right position to stand up, but also eye-level with Lucifer's erection.

"Mouth open," Lucifer ordered.

"Lucifer, I, I think I've - mmph!"

No, Lucifer wasn't letting him get a word of protest in tonight. Not that there was real protest, they both understood that Balthazar could draw the line, and they both understood that Lucifer wouldn't cross it.

Balthazar closed his eyes and tried to relax his mouth so Lucifer could go as deeply as he wanted to. His throat, too.

Lucifer put a hand in his hair and tilted his head back for a moment, getting a look at Balthazar: flushed with arousal, makeup smeared, lipstick still on those lips wrapped around his cock -

Yes, Lucifer liked what he saw.

He let go of Balthazar's hair and closed his eyes, picturing that face and focused on the feel of Balthazar's tongue and lips on him.

Balthazar was never going to stop blushing, he knew that already, not when Lucifer could look at him like *that* and Balthazar nearly came then and there on the floor. His control was slipping, but that had been the point, right? He had slipped on the stage, so Lucifer had punished him, and this was the end of it, Lucifer moving his hips and moaning with arousal above him and maybe saying his name -

Balthazar worked his lips and tongue and even teeth and tried to see how fast he could make Lucifer come. Which wouldn't be as soon as he liked, Lucifer had iron control that Balthazar still didn't know how to make slip, but here was another chance at it, and -

Lucifer gripped his hair again, and pushed deeper, groaning.

Balthazar made himself breath and adjusted, taking Lucifer deeper. *Yes*, he thought. *Got you.*

But Lucifer didn't come, not yet, and he didn't for long minutes, not until Balthazar's jaw was aching and not until Balthazar was nearing his limit.

That was when he came, finding release at last, and that was when Balthazar was allowed to lean back and catch his breath.

"Bastard," Balthazar said as he wiped his mouth.

"I should leave you unfinished for that," Lucifer said with a lazy smirk. "But I am a benevolent man."

He reached down from the bed and tilted Balthazar's head up into a messy open-mouthed kiss and if he got red lipstick on his face he didn't care. Lucifer's eyes were open through the kiss, and he smirked near the end of it, letting their lips part for a few breaths before he bit Balthazar's lower lip and tugged -

- enough to make Balthazar come, just enough pain and pleasure and stimulation, and untouched his cock shuddered and stained the floor.

Lucifer licked where he had bitten and laughed low into Balthazar's mouth.

"Gorgeous," he whispered, and let go of Balthazar's hair.